

"Smile!"

The putting of arms
around waists
facing the lens
reaching for a concord
not merely cheese
a standing on ground
pebble in the shoe
fly in the hair
windless sky
the pressure of arms around waists.

"Let's Eat!"

Stay here
where you are
eating a fast lunch
hating to go back to work
your eye on the clock
the boss
a hollow in the stomach
you want to let all breath out.

"Putting A Few Things Together"

Lying on the bed
looking at your face
I see a lot of hair
the suggestion of mustache
eyes without romance made
looking looking
can't see anywhere
the body of love.

-- George Chambers

Madison, Wisconsin